Out of Control

WRITER BBOONG
ARTIST BBOONG

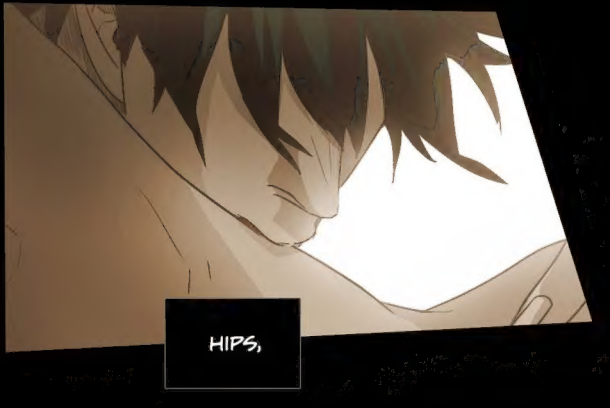
WHAT A LIAR.

SOMEONE WHO CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH ME

SOMEONE WHO CAN
SAY THAT WITHOUT
HESITATION

FROM
THE TIP OF
YOUR TOES,

YOUR
KNEES,


HIPS,

AND TO
THE TOP OF
YOUR HEAD...

I CAN NEVER FULLY UNDERSTAND YOU.

YOU SNEER

LIKE YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME

WITH THOSE LIPS.

IN THE END,

I ALWAYS FIND MYSELF IN THE DARKNESS,
NAKED AND VULNERABLE.

AT THAT PLACE, THERE IS A SECRET ROOM HIDDEN AWAY

WITH A SECRET DOOR.

AT TIMES, IT IS COVERED BY FABRIC THAT CAN EASILY BE REMOVED

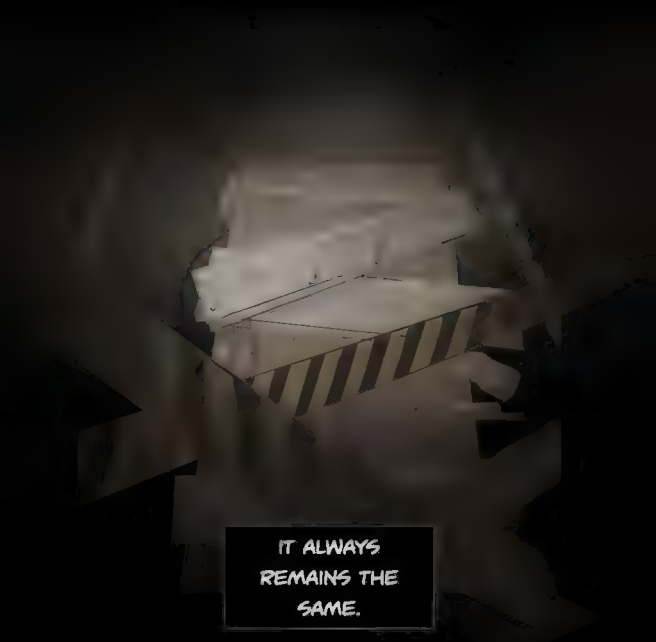
AND AT OTHER TIMES, IT IS A THICK METAL DOOR THAT CANNOT BE PENETRATED.

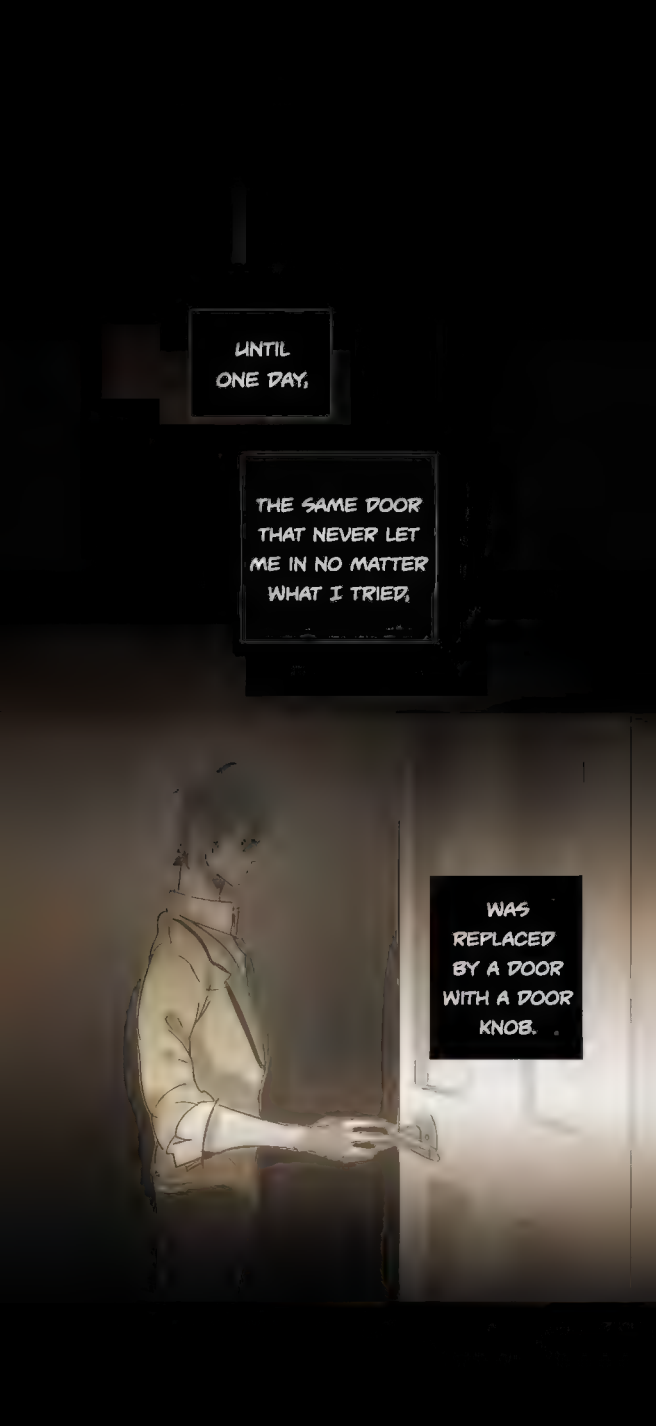
NO MATTER HOW HARD I RIP IT APART,

AND BREAK IT DOWN,

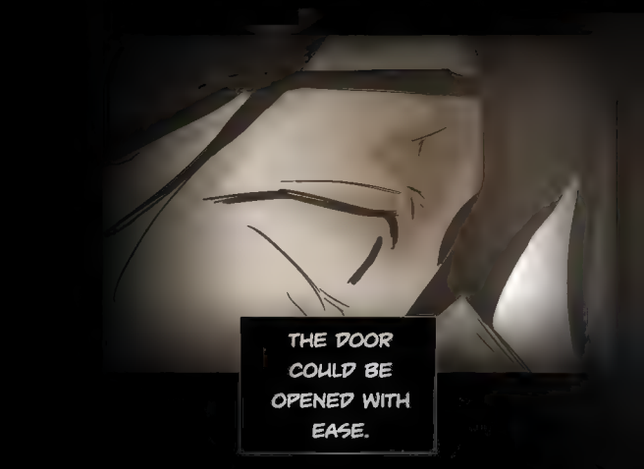
SLASH

DRIP..


IT ALWAYS
REMAINS THE
SAME.

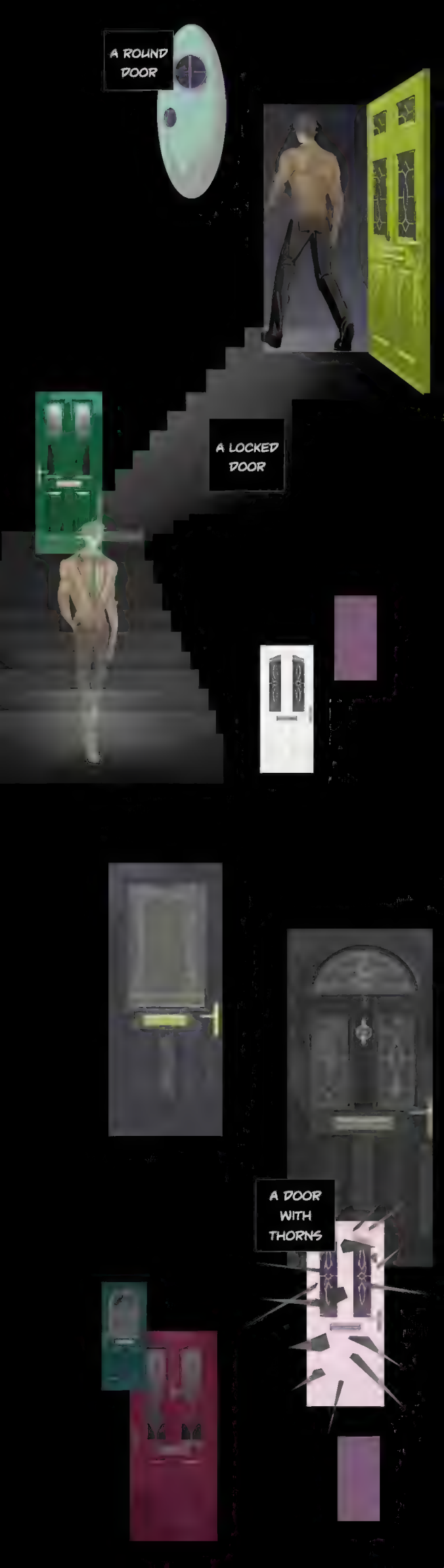

UNTIL ONE DAY,
THE SAME DOOR THAT NEVER LET ME IN NO MATTER WHAT I TRIED,
WAS REPLACED BY A DOOR WITH A DOOR KNOB.

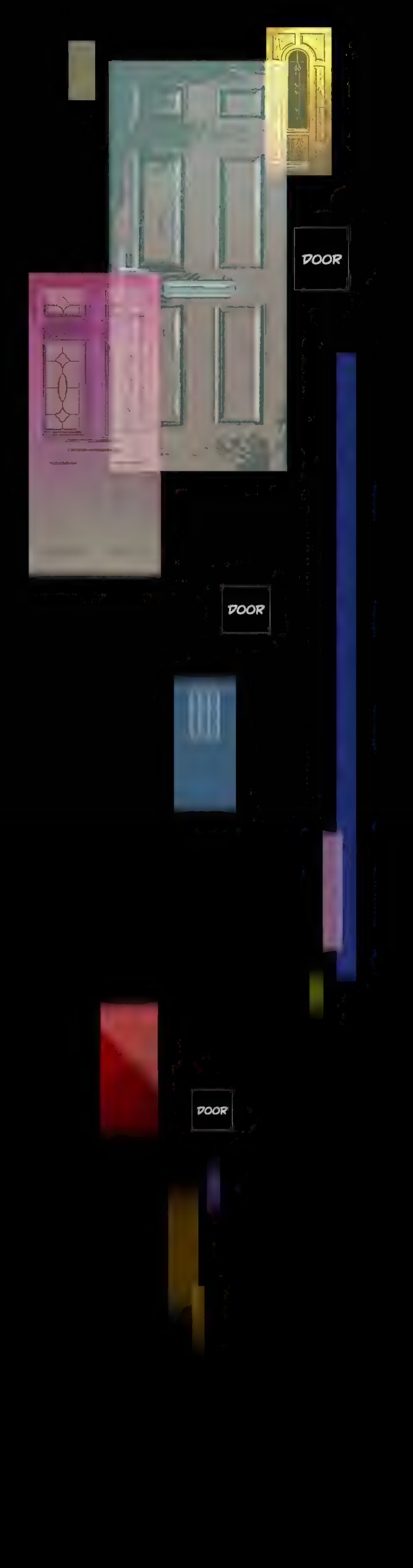
LIKE IT WAS INVITING ME IN,
IT LURED ME.


THE DOOR COULD BE OPENED WITH EASE.

INSIDE, THERE WERE EVEN MORE DOORS.

A RED DOOR
A BLUE DOOR
A BROKEN DOOR


A ROUND DOOR
A LOCKED DOOR
A DOOR WITH THORNS


DOOR
DOOR
DOOR

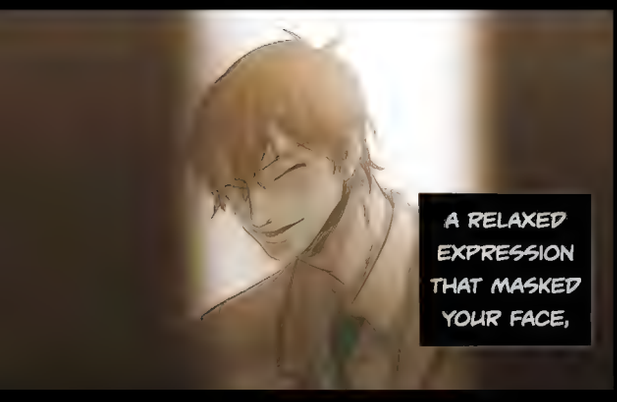
AMONG ALL THOSE DOORS

I FOUND A SMALL DOOR EMITTING UNUSUAL WARMTH.

AND THROUGH THAT DOOR,

A DOOR SO SMALL THAT EVEN A SINGLE STRAND OF HAIR WOULDN'T FIT THROUGH,

I SAW YOU.



BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN BY YOU.

SOMEONE HIDING BEHIND THE VEIL

AND WITH A PECULIAR FIGURE.

SOMEONE WHO WAS LIKE ME IN EVERY WAY

AT FIRST, BECAUSE OF THE THICK WALL OF LIES THAT SEPARATED US,
THE DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND YOU
WAS TOO FAR,
YOU WERE UNREACHABLE.

OR SO I THOUGHT

BUT

IT TURNS OUT THAT I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS HIDING BEHIND THE VEIL.

HE WAS NO DIFFERENT FROM ME

AND YET HE OCCUPIED A SPACE IN YOUR HEART.

UNLIKE HOW YOU WERE WITH HIM,

YOUR EYES WERE COLD

AND YOUR LIPS WERE FULL OF LIES.

IF YOU CONTINUE ON LIKE THAT,

THEN I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE...

...BUT TO CONFRONT THE WAY YOU LOOK DOWN ON ME
BY POURING SALT WATER INTO YOUR WOUNDS.

THAT WAY,
I CAN FINALLY PUT AN END TO THOSE LIPS THAT PRETEND EVERYTHING IS FINE...
...AND FORCE IT TO LET OUT A GENUINE CRY OF PAIN.
THEN

WHILE YOUR EYES LOOK AROUND IN PAIN AND AGONY,
I'LL PRESS MY LIPS ON YOU
SO THAT I WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU'LL SEE
AND I WILL DIG INTO YOUR BODY SLOWLY,

AND
SPILL A
BURNING
CANDLE
DROP

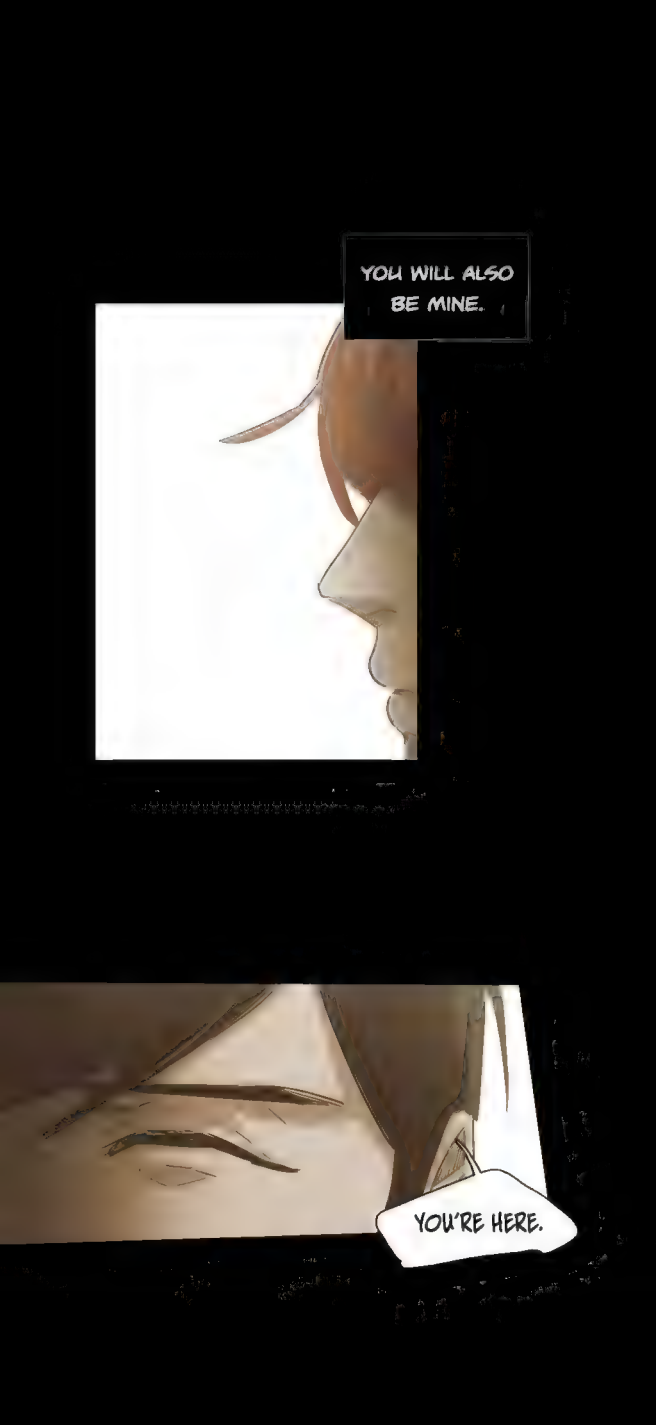
BY DROP,
DROP
BY DROP,
SO THAT
YOU WILL
REMEMBER
ME
EVERY
TIME A DROP
BURNS YOU.

I WILL ENGRAVE MY PRESENCE
ONTO YOUR SMOOTH SKIN.

AND THEN
I WILL FOLLOW
YOUR TRACKS.
I WILL
FIND YOU
AND

APPEAR IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES
AND WITHOUT YOU KNOWING,
BRING YOU OUT BY ALL MEANS.
EVEN IF I HAVE TO USE YOUR LOVED ONES,
I WILL BRING YOU OUT.
IF I CAN BRING YOU OUT OF THE PLACE WHERE I COULDN'T ENTER,

THAT ENTRANCE I COULD ONLY LOOK AT
WILL NO LONGER BE JUST AN ENTRANCE. IT WILL BE AN EXIT FOR YOU.
I WILL HAVE YOU LOCKED UP IN MY SPACE.
SO THAT'S WHY I CHOSE SOMEONE WHO IS A PART OF YOU.
HE'S LATE.
BECAUSE ONCE I CONQUER HIM
TAP
TAP
TAP


YOU WILL ALSO BE MINE.
YOU'RE HERE.

YOUR MAN,

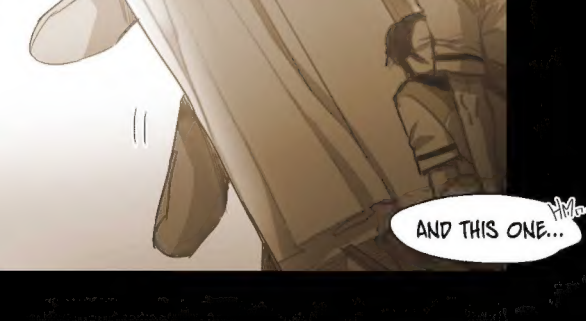
YOUR LOVER.

I'LL CONQUER YOU AND YOUR PARTS BIT BY BIT

TO HAVE YOU TRAPPED IN MY GRASP.

....

THE ONE WITH THE PINK HAIR LOOKS LIKE...
...YURI...


AND THIS ONE...
HM...

JINX?

TO BE CONTINUED